Bombay Gazette

Wednesday, September 11, 1816.

(Volume 27.) (Number 1371.

Govt. Advertisement.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, THAT the Packet now open at this Office for the reception of letters to be transmitted to England by the Providence, Free Trader, will be closed on the 14th instant.

R. SNOW,
H. M. D. P. M. General.

H. M. Post Office,
Bombay, 11th September, 1816.

VICE ADMIRALTY COURT AT BOMBAY.
Instance Side.

Ship Sulimany,

FRANCIS RINGROSE, MASTER.

PROCLAMATION is hereby made, that FRANCIS RINGROSE the late Master of the said Ship Sulimany, and all persons claiming any right, title or interest in the said Ship, may appear to file their claim for the same, on or before the 30th day of this present month of September, or they will have incurred the second default.

GRANT,
Captors Proctor.

Advertisement.

THIS day will be sold, at EDULJEE CURSETJEE'S Auction Rooms, in Medows-street, Doctor STEWART'S Chariot, Horses and Harness; also, a suit of Tents, &c.

Bombay, 11th September, 1816

Higgs

BEGS to inform his friends & the public, that he has just landed, from the Ship [illegible] from Bussora, a lot of high cast Arab Horses.

Bombay, 11th of September, 1816

FOR SALE

AT THE

Gazette Office,

POLICIES of Insurance on Goods,
Ditto Ditto on Block,
Respondentia Bonds on Goods,
Ditto Ditto on Block,
Bills of Lading,
Interest Bonds,
Powers of Attorney,
Price Currents of Europe Goods,
&c. &c. &c.

NAUTICAL CHRONICLE
and
NAVAL REPORT.

[illegible]BAY.

[illegible] Earl Buckingham-
[illegible]obert Christian, from

Do. Ship Orpheus, Free Frader, Captain Thomas Finlay, from London.

Do. 9th, Armed Boat Chacer, Syrang Moossa Peerbhoy, from Surat.

Do. 10th, Ship Currim Bux, Captain W. G. Capon, from the Persian Gulph.

SAILED.—September 5th, Ship Lord Castlereagh, Captain M. B. Laing, to Calcutta.

Do. 9th, His Majesty's Sloop Challenger, P. H. Bridges Esqe Captain, to Persian Gulph.

Do. The H. C's. Cruizer Mercury, Lieut. Thomas Blast, to the Persian Gulph.

Do. Cruizer Vestal, Lieut. Thomas Tanner, to do.

Do. Ship Sunbury, Captain John Tosh, to Madras, and Bengal.

The Gazette.

WEDNESDAY, 11th SEPTEMBER 1816.

THE *Orpheus* arrived, on Friday evening last, from England, without bringing us a single paper or pamphlet, tho' she left Portsmouth, from whence we have been long expecting to receive a supply of matter for our press, on the 16th of May. It is some consolation, however, to find, from private channels, that no event whatever of interest had occurred after the 5th of that month.

The Country Ship Currim Bux arrived yesterday from Bussora. We understand some Foreign Journals have been received, which state, that the negociations between Russia and Turkey have terminated; and that Wallachia and Moldavia have been ceded to the former. Neither English papers nor English news have been received by this opportunity.

We can scarcely give credit to the report which has thus reached us, overland, of Turkey having ceded *Wallachia & Moldavia* to Russia; Austria, as we imagine, would never consent to any such arrangement, unless, indeed, she is to be compensated by the cession of some portion, chiefly bordering on the Adriatic, of the Turkish empire.

The report of the fall of Jyepoor appears to have been unfounded; and instead of Mheer Khan having been successful against that place, he failed in his attempt to take it by assault.

Our readers will perceive, by an extract we have given to day, from Morse's view of the United States, that the recent annexation of *Indiana* to the Union, indicates none of those ambitious designs imputed to it by the London Editor. It being purely a measure of domestic arrangement long [illegible]ntemplation.

[illegible]port of a war between Den[illegible], we are inclined to [illegible]y of credit.

[illegible] most kindly favored [illegible]xtract of a letter from De[illegible], dated in the beginning of A[illegible] and as we know the statements contained therein, may, implicitly, be relied on, we have inserted it in one of our subsequent columns. The possessors of funded property have, for years, been suffering, but a most material change, as may be gleaned from the interesting extract we allude to, has now [illegible] favor.

In our paper of to-day, we have borrowed largely from the XXVII number of the Quarterly Review. The two productions from which the Reviewer has made, as will be seen, many extracts, are M. de Pradt's account of his embassy to Poland, and Lt. Bowerbank's Journal, kept on board the *Bellerophon*, from July the 15th to August the 7th, the period during which Napoleon was on board that ship.

The *Buckinghamshire* spoke the Hon. C.'s Ship *Apollo*, on the 2d of June, in latitude 9, north, and longitude 22.' 30 west—18 days from St. Helena—all well.

Extract of a letter from the South Hams of Devonshire, 3d April, 1816.

"Every article of meat & drink is considerably fallen since the peace, and we may presume, will be still more reduced, as likewise servants wages, house rent, &c. We feel this reduction most sensibly, and expect one pound in a few years will buy as much as two did twelve months since—The change has been rapid beyond what you can imagine, but the *blessing of peace* has brought misery on many, and particularly on the labouring classes of this Neighbourhood whose distresses in many instances beggar all description—the tradespeople in this town transact no business; the tenant who used to spend his money freely, has not now enough from the profits of his farm to pay his lord, and bills that are due, cannot be paid: this latter complaint is from the lowest mechanic to the highest. The Lawyer and Doctor are in the same predicament, they send their bills, but can get no money—Tenants are constantly quitting their estates, & driving off their cattle, leaving their lord nothing but his land, with no power of tilling it. Husbandmen get no labor, and young healthy people are obliged to go to their parish for bread; the parish rate has in consequence become so heavy, it cannot be paid—you may judge in some degree of the want of employment when I tell you, many carpenters, masons, and day labourers have gone thirty and even fifty miles from hence to try to get work, and have returned to their wretched families without success—Farm men servants wages have lately been so high as thirteen guineas a year, and now the same men receive from the same master but four or five pounds.

"You will say, I have drawn a melancholy picture, but if I could give it brighter colors, it would fall far short of reality. I assure you, such fears are entertained, on the present state of affairs, as make those who think most, think most gloomily. Those possessing funded property feel all the advantages of peace without any of the above evils, they live considerably cheaper, and pay no tax. You will have seen before this, the fate of the property tax, in spite of the ministers struggles to continue it: various are the opinions as to the expediency of taking it off, and many think it would have been wiser to have continued it another year, as only way of getting at funded property—but as we have no new tax, it shews at least that by *economy* the income tax can be done without."

EXTRACTS TAKEN FROM
THE COURIER EXTRA.—SEPTEMBER 8, 1816.

Abstract of Parliamentary proceedings from 7th to 10th May.

MAY 7th—In the House of Commons, Mr. Tierney, moved "for the appointment of Committees to take "into consideration the accounts of the Civil Lists", "and Lord Althorpe "for the appointment of a Committee to inquire into the increase and diminution "of offices and salaries, since the year 1798, and that "the said Committee should report to the House, from "time to time, what reductions might be made, without injury to the public service." Both of which motions, after warm debates, were negatived. The former by a majority of 213 to 122 and the latter by 169 to 126.

MAY 8th.—Sir Francis Burdett presented a petition from Kilburnham for a reform in Parliament; on which Lord Milton observed, that a petition presented on a former night, by the Hon. Bart. purporting to be signed by 10,000 Inhabitants of Huddersfield, was unauthorised by a great number of them. It had been left early in 1813 by Major Cartwright, for siguature, had lain dormant three years, and was now presented in 1816.

Mr. Brougham obtained leave to bring in a bill for the better securing and extending the liberty of the press, on the ground, that as the Law of Libel now stands, the chief evil consists in that, if a person was indicted, it did not signify whether the matter of the alleged libel be consistent with truth or an arrant falsehood.

MAY 9th.—Lord Althorpe presented several petitions against the Leather tax and moved for leave, to bring in a bill to [illegible]al the tax, to which the Chan[illegible]er moved an amendment, for a Co[illegible] the state of the laws relating to [illegible]ties on leather, which was car[illegible]

[illegible]bate ensued on the motion for the [illegible] New Alien Bill, the House divi[illegible] reading 141, against it 47.

Maj[illegible]

[illegible]ACTS.

[illegible]AY 7, 1816.

Par[illegible] Friday and Saturday are receiv[illegible] contain a paragraph worthy of [illegible]

Sir F[illegible]srs. Hutchison and Bruce have not [illegible]y mean to appeal, altho' they say, [illegible]ndergone 14 weeks confinement [illegible]

A letter from Senegal, dated March 17th, refutes the report, that a revolt had taken place at Sierra Leone, and that the town was destroyed: but it was near being the case; the Riot Act was read [illegible] troops out; things were now pretty quiet again.

The new Coinage, which is proceeding [illegible] is said to include both Silver and Gold [illegible] pieces are of 20 Shillings.

The Stocks have not maintained their [illegible] but it is fully expected they will improv[illegible] at the close of the business were Red. [illegible] sols 61⅛ do. for Acc. 62¼. Omnium [illegible]

Another considerable rise in Whea[illegible] Shillings per quarter took place yester[illegible] Exchange. It is said, the Farmers will not benefit by the advance, they having long ago parted with their stock.

LONDON, MAY 9, 1816.

American papers to the 10th ultimo, arrived yesterday. The Bill for adding a new province, Indiana, to the Union, has passed through the American House of Assembly. The designs of the states upon the great Rivers Missisippi and Missouri are becoming every [illegible] more apparent.

[illegible] dated April 24th, ad[illegible] Denmark [illegible]

[illegible] sia passed through Valence for [illegible]

According to the latest accounts from Paris, the Spanish Liberales had not been released, nor had any notification of the cause of their arrest been made to them. Letters from Bayonne mention, that all the Spanish refugees have been ordered to quit that place before the 25th of April.

Fouche is still living at Dresden, in contented retirement with his whole family, but very busily employed in literary labors.

LONDON, FRIDAY 10TH MAY.

The Paris papers of Sunday, Monday and Tuesday last, are received. the King, it is stated in order to signalize the epoch of his entrance into Paris, has granted a full and absolute amnesty to all Military men guilty of desertion before the 1st of October last year. The parties are, however, to pay the cost incurred by their prosecution.

A plot, it is said, has been discovered at Geneva, in which the Sieur Benoit, formerly Secretary to Maret (Duke of Bassano), and the Sieur Desquiron, Privy Counsellor to Count Gottorp (late King of Sweden), are implicated. The former has been arrested & sent in custody into France, papers of great importance were found upon his person. The latter has been ordered to leave Geneva, and proceed to Constance.

According to the last accounts from Smyrna, an attempt made by the people to shake off the Turkish yoke, has proved unsuccessful and fatal to the inhabitants.

The private letters from Paris abound with reports of conspirators against the Bourbons, and of persons arrested in consequence. The Government is described to be full of alarm and anxiety, and it is rumored, that Talleyrand is to return to Paris in a few days, and to be again placed at the head of the Ministry.

LONDON,—11th MAY 1816.

We have received Paris papers of Wednesday, they contain the trial of General Bertrand now with Buonaparte at St. Helena, who has been found guilty of treason and he is liable to be shot, if delivered up to the French Government.

The Moniteur of Wednesday last, announces, that M. M. Barbe Marbois & Vanblanc, the ministers of Justice & the Interior, have been replaced by the Chancellor of France, who takes, *per interim*, the Porte feuille of Minister of Justice; and by M. Laine the late President of the chamber of Deputies, who succeeds M. de Vanblanc. The latter is named Minister of State and member of the Privy Council—mere honorary offices. American Papers, arrived this morning, state, that the National Bank Bill has become a Law. Its Capital 35 millions, in shares of 100 dollars each.

Government, it is said, have purchased, within these few weeks, 60,000 quarters of Corn. To this cause is partly attributed the recent rise in the Corn Market.

PORTSMOUTH, MAY 11th 1816.

The Ceylon, armée en flute, Capt. A. P. Hamilton, arrived last night from St. Helena.

Last night, passed by the Isle of Wight for the Downs, the Lowther Castle, Essex, Charles Grant, Ceres, Inglis, Marquis of Camden, Werren Hastings, Alnwick Castle, General Harris, Vansittart, Bridgewater, Atlas and David Scott from China. Passed by, also, the Lord Cathcart, free trader, from Bengal.

APPOINTMENT.

Rear Admiral Sir Graham Moore, to be one of the Lords of the Admiralty in the room of Lord Henry Paulet.

EUROPE DEATHS.

On the 18th Apirl, at Lisbon, in his 37th year, The Rt. Hon. Lord A. Somerset, Brother to the Duke of Beaufort.

On the 9th May, aged 70, George, Earl Brook and Earl of Warwick.

On the 17th March—At Malta, Lieut. Col. Clement Martin Edward, 1st Ceylon Regt.

Hampshire Telegraph, 13th May

English Extracts.

INDIANA.

Indiana, so called, is a tract of land lying on the Ohio river, in the State of Virginia, ceded to William Trent and twenty-two others, by the Six Nations, and the Shawanese, Delaware, and Huron tribes, as a compensation for the losses they had sustained by the depredations of the latter, in the year 1763. This session was made in a congress of the representatives of the Six Nations at Fort Stanwix, by an indenture, signed the 3d of November, 1768, witnessing, "That for and in consideration of 85,916l. 10s. 8d. York currency, (the same being the amount of goods seized and taken by said Indians from said Trent, &c.) they did grant, bargain, sell, &c. to his Majesty, his heirs, and successors, for the only use of the said William Trent, &c. all that tract or parcel of land, beginning at the southerly side of the Little Kanhawa Creek, where it empties itself into the river Ohio; and running thence south-east to the Laurel Hill; thence along

…EMENT… TACTICS.

A NEW CORPS.

The Commander in chief, ever indefatigably alive to the important duties which his Royal Highness has to fulfil means to introduce that powerful auxiliary to the military system, viz. a Corps of Lancers, constituted upon Polish principles. They are to be attached to each regiment of cavalry, for the express purpose of operating in a similar manner to the rifle corps belonging to the infantry. The idea of this measure had been some time in agitation when the Earl of ROSSLYN tendered his admirably appointed legion, the 6th Light Dragoons, to effect the desired innovation. Arrangements were made, about a month since; and Capt. PETERS, (a young, active, and perhaps one of the most intelligent officers of the British army, who had seen much service), was selected to drill fifty picket men, all under 30 years of age, and five feet eight inches in height. The utmost diligence was exercised to perfect this little force, and they had arrived, about a week since, at such an *acme* of perfection as to receive the almost unqualified approbation of their master. Things being thus speedily accelerated, a day was appointed for the review, and on Saturday it took place, in the Queen's Riding-house, at Pimlico, in the presence of but very few spectators, and those only were admitted by tickets. The men were drawn out in line, at eleven o'clock precisely, dressed in blue jackets, faced with crimson, grey trowsers, and blue cloth caps or bonnets. Each man, mounted on a high bred charger, carried a lance, sixteen feet long; about twenty-one inches from the point, appeared a flag, with the *Union* colours. The opposite extremity was confined in a leathern socket, affixed to the stirrup. They also had sabres by their sides, and holster-pistols in the saddle-bow. The lance was supported near the centre by a loose string, through which each man thrust his arm, and then the lance reclined in the rear, which it always did, after the sword was brought into use. The arrival of the Earl and Countess of ROSSLYN, and a party of distinguished fashionables, was the signal for the commencement of operations. The different cavalry modes of attack were resorted to with the sword and lance alternately; when the latter was used, some very original and pleasing manœuvres were practised with complete success, particularly when the figure eight was formed by the different bodies, within a very narrow space; it was managed with an adroitness and facility astonishingly clever. The spectators were delighted with the scene, which lasted for an hour and a half. The object of the figure was to shew how quickly a line might be broken in any direction, and formed again without any apparent disorder. It is thus confidence will be given to the soldier, and prevent his ever being at a loss to regain his position, should a sudden impulse for the moment overwhelm him. The purpose of the flag is to throw the enemy's horse into confusion, which would be the case almost invariably. [*The Morning Post,—April 22.*

DRURY—LANE.—TOWN AND COUNTRY.

It is impossible to see Mr. Kean in any thing without a lively pleasure; he is so superior in every thing to what we are accustomed to see in others, and he so completely fills the imagination in every character he undertakes. In his tragedy, however, (perhaps because it cannot be avoided) there is certainly some uniformity; and no one has seen him even in Shake speare's Tragedies, who is not impressed with the notion that he possesses powers beyond those which tragedy has called forth. It is therefore a gratification to behold him in comedy; and we must express a hope, that the present taste for variety will induce him to come forward in some more comic character.

The play of *Town and Country* is a drama of a very inferior order; it is a play for the galleries, in which effects is studied more than nature and good writing. It is very low, indeed, in the scale of merit; and we should have received it unworthy even of notice had not Mr. Kean's acting produced it to our view.

In *Reuben Glenroy*, Mr. Kean has, as is usual in these comedies, a very meagre outline, but which is perhaps the best field for such an actor. Having every thing to do, no restraint whatever upon his invention, he does every thing; he displays what talents he pleases, and makes the character to his own taste. But such a performance gives little room for criticism. He merely produces a manly character in manly situation. The merit of the acting is in the natural and graceful energy.

COVENT-GARDEN.

Last night, Miss O'Neill performed the part of *Mrs. Oakley*, in the *Jealous Wife*, for her benefit. This is her first appearance in the character upon the English Stage. Her *Lady Teazle* has sufficiently shewn the variety of her talents, and has attested that she is equally capable of adorning both provinces of the Drama; but *Lady Teazle* is not a part which is capable of any rich comic effect. The play rests upon other characters. But, in the *Jealous Wife*, *Mrs. Oakley* is the whole strength and spirit of the play; all the comic powers of the Poet are collected and centered in her. Upon *Mrs. Oakley* all attention fixes; and in order to perform this part well, or even adequately, the richest vein of humour must concur with refinement and delicacy, propriety of manners, a thorough knowledge of the Stage.

The Comedy, indeed, is a beautiful picture of domestic life—It turns upon those humours and caprices, the extirpation, or right government of which, compose much of our private happiness & quiet. This is the proper subject of Comedy; to touch the follies of mankind; to draw its pictures from our parlours and studies, and to borrow its tints and characters from those familiar manners, which afford materials for ridicule and satire.

Miss O'Neill's performance of *Mrs. Oakley* was in excellent taste; though a termagant wife, she was a perfect lady; she never lost her manners in her shrewishness, and preserved the full humour of the character without overstraining it. She was particularly excellent in the second and last acts, and drew down peals of laughter from the audience. She was more unstudied, and less grave in her manner, than in *Lady Teazle*; her dialogue was spirited and colloquial; and had more of the vivacity and true ease of Comedy. She scolded her husband with great facility and animation, & in the scene in which she went into fits, and then affects to revive, she produced as fine and rich an effect as we ever witnessed in the comedy of our day.

Our limits will not permit us to say more—Young and Mrs. Gibbs were excellent in their respective parts. We have no doubt, from the unbounded success of Miss O'Neill in this character, that the Play will be often repeated.

[*Bell's Weekly Messenger,—May 5.*

Despatches were received, yesterday, from Lord EXMOUTH, which are understood to state, that his Lordship had been before Algiers with the British fleet, and had made a new Treaty with the Dey, the terms of which are more favourable to England than the former. A Flanders Mail has brought some intelligence upon the subject of this piratical power. It appears, that Sir SIDNEY SMITH, supported probably in his laudable endeavours by the British Government, has induced the Ottoman Porte, the nominal head of all the Barbaresque States, to send a Minister to the Dey with remonstrances against his depredations. The Turkish Envoy is, it seems, treated at Algiers with great outward respect, while he is as vigilantly guarded, as if he were a prisoner. More than a hundred Grecian slaves have been released upon his application, but the accounts say, that little permanent good is to be expected from it. The PORTE has, however, some real power over these bucaneer tyrants. The troops, by which they keep the native population in awe, are levied in the Turkish provinces, and no others could be trusted as the guards of their palaces and dungeons. The PORTE alone, then, if properly operated upon by the other European Governments, might become an instrument in restraining these minor chieftains. If to this influence were added a declaration from all the Powers of Europe, informing the Moorish Deys, or Beys, that their violences would no longer be tolerated, and that the jealousies, to which they have hitherto owed their impunity, are entirely removed, it is not unreasonable to hope, that their maritime outrages would be gradually brought to a conclusion, without an actual attack upon their fastnesses. The duty of attempting this, should be recommended to us by the blessings of our own tranquillity. We are happily enabled by our well-protected industry to make every nation contribute, in some degree, to the power and prosperity of England. A part of that power we should exercise for the protection of the weak, in cases, which, like this, can subject us to no suspicion of a wanton interference. The Sardinians, it appears, have just obtained under our influence a temporary exemption from the outrages of the Algerine Corsairs. How necessary this was, will be shewn by the following article, which we now give more fully than before from a late French paper.

"ALGHIERI, APRIL 8.—We have a new misfortune to record:—The Barbarians made another descent, on the 6th. The inhabitants of the environs of our city rose *en masse* as soon as their debarkation was known; but these brigands had succeeded in carrying away all the peasants and women that they met with, at the moment they were running towards the city. They burned the vessels that they found upon the coast; pillaged the houses; and every thing, that they were not able to carry away, fell a prey to the flames. The number of their victims amounts to eighty-eight, men and women together. The fear of the city guard made them embark in haste, and they savagely butchered the unhappy beings who were not able to follow them. A corvette and a brig were sent in pursuit of them, but what can such a force as that do? We recollect no period when our seas were more infested by the … when their outrages were … will Europe be tired of these brigands?"

Earl CHOLMONDELEY … his magnificent seat of Houghton … Norfolk … last week, to Mr. WATSON TAYLOR … of vast property in the West Indies … of two hundred thousand pounds.

[*The Morning Herald, April 26, 181…*

The following adverstisement is prefixed to Lord Byron's new poem of "the Siege of Corinth." The grand army of the Turks (in 1715) under the prime Vizier, to open to themselves a way into the heart of the Morea, and form the siege of Napoli di Romania, the … considerable place in all that country, th… it best in the first place to attack Corinth, upon which they made several storms. The garrison being weakened, and the governor seeing it impossible to hold out against so mighty a force, thought fit to beat a parley; but while they were treating about the articles, one of the magazines in the Turkish camp, wherein they had six hundred barrels of powder, blew up by accident, whereby six or seven hundred men were killed, which so enraged the infidels that they would not grant any capitulation, but stormed the place with so much fury that they took it, and put most of the garrison, with Signor Minotti, the governor, to the sword; the rest, with Antonio Bembo, proveditor extraordinary, were made prisoners of war."

Lord Byron's *Siege of Corinth* and *Parasina* are thus noticed in a Literary work of high character.—"Our readers are not to be informed that these two tales are the production of a noble bard whose versatile genius has obtained a great and deserved celebrity. But though we are ready to admit the poetic claims of Lord Byron to the fullest extent, justice compels us to call in question the moral tendency of them. None of his pieces that we have read can be said to elevate the mental dignity of man, by exhibiting the inward beauty of virtue, and the real deformity of vice. He delights in subjects that are revolting to humanity, and in drawing characters that ought, if possible, to be buried in darkness. Such is the case in the present instance, where the bravery and callous obduracy of a renegade constitute the subject of the first story, and the incestuous loves of Parasina, wife of the Marquis of Este, and Hugo, his bastard son, form the theme of the second. Now, whatever may be said of the poetry, which is far from being equal to the former works of the noble author, the stories are of a character little adapted to improve the mind, by kindling an abhorrence of treachery and lust. In the first piece, the voice of a ghost is described as the "sighing of the wind through some hollow stone;" which resemblance it seems occurs in an unpublished poem written by Mr. Coleridge, but which his lordship had not seen when his own was composed. This vindication of himself from the suspicion of plagiarism is ludicrous enough, when we read in the second poem the following lines, without any reference to Mr. Burke's well-known picture of the unfortunate Marie Antoinette:—

'Then had her eye in sorrow wept,
A thousand warriors forth had leapt;
A thousand swords had sheathless shone,
And made her quarrel all their own.'

Here we have the exact words of Burke turned into verse without the slightest acknowledgement, though in the same publication the scrupulous author feels it an act of duty to insert an apologetical note to justify himself from a charge which never could be made, and that for no other purpose than to pay a compliment to his friend Coleridge for having discovered, what no one ever witnessed, that the sigh of a ghost is like the whistling of the wind through a hollow stone."

BUONAPARTE EXHIBITED IN HIS TRUE LIGHT, BY ONE OF HIS MINISTERS.

We lay the following extracts from the celebrated work of M. de Pradt, concerning Buonaparté, before our readers, because they come from the most faithful and legitimate source, and because they display the … positions and … ter of the man, better … thing which … yet been published … m.

M. de Pradt was … ble person. … had been one of B… tendants … onne, in 1808; … eputation … Pope at Savona … was after… attached to the … ehold in the … of Grand Almon…

The first acc… de Pradt gives us … of his conversa… onaparté, is highly … characteristic… d magnificence and … madness of t… 's conceptions, and … the littlenes… vanity,

'Some d… turn from Savona, in … 1811, the … d me after his levee, … an honour … past he had frequently done m… clusion of a long conversati… ntered with great self-compla… e details of his tour in … Holla… n a transport of intoxication … of his power, "In five year… r of the world; Russia only… all crush her." He accom… ce with a corresponding ges… ral times renewed.—"Paris … Cloud—I shall build fif… very year—not one shall p… red and fifty are ready—I … a as on land, and then all … s pass through my hands—… ound more than I export; I … n for million." This was … cannon; he had laid it down … h me in the first journey to … al times returned to the … f the world in five years, and … aris to St. Cloud. Another … xpression dropped from … not connected with any present … t help mentioning … returned from Hol… what pleased … he Dutch had … onomy. "… e, with … ance he … no…

A worthy constituent of George Rose, one of the most efficient members of the present committee, appointed, by the House of Commons, to inquire into the state of *mendicity* and vagrancy, in the metropolis and its neighbourhood, intending to compliment his representative, is said to have observed to him, that of all his useful labours, the *Mendacity* Report was likely to obtain for him the greatest credit.

It has lately been discovered, that the tea plant is indigenous in the United States of America.

In London there died last year, 421 of apoplexy, 680 of asthma, 232 in childbed, 4210 of consumption, 332 of mortification, 125 of smallpox, but not one of vaccination.

The scapula of some unknown large animal has been recently found in the lake of Geneva.

Some time since a statement appeared in most of the Philosophical Journals in Europe instancing cases in which bleeding had been practiced with success in fits of hydrophobia in India. Professor Huffland has found it to be equally efficacious in Germany. It is his intention to publish some of the cases immediately.

The Duke of Sussex has taken his seat as president of the Society of arts.

M. Le Chevalier Delambre has sent a description of a sun dial found at Delos, among the ruins of the temple of Apollo, to the Royal Institute of France.

A Frenchman (a staunch Buonapartist) anxious to take a peep at England, set out upon a tour through this Kingdom about ten days ago. Having stopped at a town in Lincolnshire for a few hours, he was desirous of getting forward to the North in some of the coaches which pass through that town, and accordingly went to the coach office to secure a seat, when the following dialogue took place between Monsieur and the Book-keeper:—

Monsieur.—Sare, I do vant von seat in de coach dat do go to Doncastare.

Book-keeper.—There are several coaches, Sir, go that road.

Monsieur.—Eh bien, vat is de nom of de coach, and a quel temps, dey go?

Book-keeper.—First, Sir, there is the High-flyer and the *Lord Nelson*.

Monsieur.—D—n your Lor Nelsone.

Book-keeper.—Then, Sir, there is the *Lord Wellington*!

Monsieur.—Vat you tell me your Lor Vellington!

Book-keeper. Next, Sir, comes the *Prince Blucher*.

Monsieur.—Vas ever any body so insult!

Book-keeper.—And there is a very excellent new coach, if you dislike the others, called the *Waterloo*.

Monsieur unable longer to contain the rage, which had been gradually rising within his breast, at the mention of Waterloo burst into the most violent invectives against this country, and after a compound of French and English oaths, a dozen shrugs of the shoulders; and as many unmerciful stamps of the feet, "away he ran, and ne'er was heard of more."

A private examination of *thirteen Ladies* took place at Cork a few days ago, in consequence of a pearl necklace, of considerable value, being stolen at a numerous and fashionable party in that city. From the investigation it appeared that a young lady, or a person that appeared to be one, on the morning after the robbery, offered a necklace to a pawnbroker as a security for 10*l.* who declined to advance the money upon it; she then offered it for sale at a jeweller's, who refused to become the purchaser. From the description, no doubt was entertained of its being the identical lost necklace, but none of the ladies summoned before the Alderman bore the least resemblance to the person who had endeavoured to dispose of it.

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M. de Pradt attended the Emperor to Dresden as his Almoner, and was there selected for the important office of Ambassador to Poland; and in this character he had opportunities of observing his master, both in the high flow of his vanity in the outset of the invasion of Russia, and in the lowest ebb of his fortunes at its close: these opportunities, with a previous intercourse of ten years, have enabled him to paint, in a scattered and diffuse, but in a very striking and forcible style, the character of Buonaparté, and this portrait in fact constitutes the chief value of the work.

Buonaparté left Paris for this great expedition to Russia on the 9th May, 1812; on the 13th he arrived at Metz, where he told M. de Pradt 'I am going to set Poland on horseback. Yes, *Poland*, ALL Poland—sixteen millions of Poles.' This hint was, however, thrown away on De Pradt.

At Dresden, Buonaparté held his state, and summoned his tributary, dependent, conquered sovereigns around him. We shall condense M. de Pradt's diffuse description of these singular scenes, never so striking as at the present moment.

'Come you, who would form a correct idea of the domination exercised by Napoleon over Europe; who desire to fathom the depth of terror into which the sovereigns of the continent were plunged; come, transport yourselves with me to Dresden, and there contemplate that mighty chief at the proudest period of his glory so near to that of his humiliation!

'The Emperor occupied the principal apartments of the palace. He brought with him almost the whole of his household, and formed a regular establishment. The King of Saxony was nothing: it was constantly at Napoleon's apartments that the sovereigns and their families were assembled, by cards of invitation from the grand marshal of his palace. Private individuals were sometimes admitted. I had myself that honour on the day of my appointment to Poland.

'The Emperor held his levees as usual at nine. Then you should have seen in what numbers, with what submissive timidity, a crowd of potentates,—mixed and confounded among the courtiers, and often entirely overlooked by them,—awaited in fearful expectation the moment of appearing before the new arbiter of their destinies! You should have heard the frivolous questions which the Emperor put to them, and the humble answers which they ventured to hazard! What Phædra said of Hippolytus may be justly applied to Napoleon's residence at Dresden:—

> Even at the altars where I seem'd to pray,
> This was the real god of all my vows.

'Napoleon was, in fact, the God of Dresden, the only King among all the Kings assembled there—the King of Kings!—On *him* all eyes were turned; in *his* apartments and around *his* person, were collected the august guests who filled the palace of the King of Saxony. The throng of foreigners, of officers, of courtiers—the arrival and departure of couriers crossing one another in every direction; the mass of people hurrying to the gates of the palace at the least movement of the Emperor, crowding upon his steps, gazing at him with an air of mingled admiration and astonishment—the expectation of the future strongly painted on every face, the confidence on one side, the anxiety on the other—all these together, presented the vastest and most interesting picture, the most brilliant and imposing monument ever yet raised to the glory of Napoleon! He had now certainly attained the height of his glory. He might hold out longer in that position; but to surpass it seemed impossible.

[redacted] melancholy confusion—this [redacted] ns and oppressors—two [redacted] versal attention, and we may [redacted] ission; and the interest which [redacted] common with others, seems [redacted] ho e illustrious followers of he [redacted] umph, is creditable to his and their [redacted].

'The [redacted] g of Prussia arrived rather late. His interview with the Emperor excited the liveliest curiosity. It was whispered in the palace that it had terminated to his satisfaction, and I must do justice to the pleasure which every one appeared to take in the report. I except none—Germans or French.

'What was looked for, however, with the most eager impatience, was the appearance of the Empress of Austria. Never shall I forget the impression made by his Princess, when, at the farther end of the long apartments of the palace, she broke on our view, preceded by the Emperor Francis. O how we all rushed forward to meet her! how every eye turned instinctively to this novel sight. I see her still advancing with the most graceful majesty, apparelled in the Hungarian costume, which, while it lent new charms to her features, concealed, in some measure, that want of *embonpoint* which otherwise have been felt. I still seem [redacted] the murmur of respectful applause [redacted] agated itself along the line as she ad- [redacted] the account which every one gave [redacted] of the effect produced on him by [redacted] this truly imperial personage!

[redacted] delight was yet augmented at the [redacted] ch she gave to all the foreigners [redacted] at Dresden. The propriety of her [redacted] the easiness of her expressions, the [redacted] manner, and the benevolent tone [redacted] ole conversation, enchanted all that [redacted] saw her; and could she have looked into [redacted] of those who surrounded her, she [redacted] found t em all her own. The spec- [redacted] ere consoled in some degree, for the long and sad eclipse which royalty had [redacted] by the mild, yet pure lustre which accompa[redacted] this excellent Princess.—pp. 65, &c.

The Count de Narbonne, who had been previously sent to administer narcotics to the cour[redacted] of Berlin, and afterwards on a similar mission t[redacted] Russia, now returned from Wilna, where he h[redacted] failed in his attempt to cajole the Em[redacted] Russia, who, as he stated, wait[redacted] of the French, in the best att[redacted] presumption or desponden[redacted] ed the ambassador, 'th[redacted] rench and the talents [redacted], and would never have t[redacted], but that now Napoleon h[redacted] the map of Russia, and he would s[redacted] here was room enough; it should be in the depths of Siberia only, that he would sign a peace ignominious to his people.' (p. 68). Buonaparté, with his characteristic violence and injustice, insulted the Count de Narbonne for the ill success of a mission which undoubtedly was not attributable to him.

Our readers will be amused with a specimen of Buonaparté's method of doing *business*, and of communicating his instructions to his ministers; they will also see, in the following extract, a lively picture of the undisguised ambition, talkative arrogance, and brutality of this Jacobin idol.

'On Sunday, (May 25th), he sent for me after mass—and began to open his designs. Still, however, he spoke only by starts, and it was not till I afterwards called on the Duke of Bassano, that I was apprized of the true nature of my mission. The Emperor merely spoke of sending me to Poland. "Go," bustle—I will try what you can do—you have sense enough to know that it was not to say mass I brought you here. You must have a prodigious establishment; be attentive to the ladies—this is essential: you ought to know Poland; you have read Rhulières: in a fortnight cocks may be procured. As to myself, I am going to beat the Russians: the candle is wasting: all must be finished by September—I have lost some time already—here I have been for a week past playing the gallant—the little Narbonne—with the Emperor of Austria." He had taken some unaccountable dislike to this Princess, and he broke out in the most abusive language at the mention of her name. To some questions which I put respecting the conduct to be observed in Poland towards the partitioning powers who were now allied with him, he made a vague reply—but sufficient to shew me, that after he had finished with Russia, he meant to take Austria into hand, and either compel her to accept of Illyria in exchange for Gallicia, or nothing. He had not decided, he said, to whom he should give Poland.—As to Prussia, her doom was fixed—he would strip her of every thing. Napoleon always spoke of Prussia with the most sovereign contempt.

'He informed me of the arrival of the Pope at Fontainebleau. The appearance of a few English vessels in the road of Savona served as a pretext for seizing him. He added, "I am going to Moscow; one or two battles will settle the business. Alexander will be brought on his knees: I will burn Thoula; there's Russia disarmed! They expect me; Moscow is the heart of the empire: besides, I shall carry on the war with Polish blood. I will leave 50,000 French in Poland; I will make Dantzic a second Gibraltar; I will subsidize Poland with fifty millions a-year; she has no specie; I am rich enough for that. The continental system is all folly without Russia. I should have been master of Europe but for this Spanish war. My son would then only have to keep what I have acquired; a matter of no great difficulty. Go to Maret, he will inform you of the particulars of your mission."—p. 57.

When embarked on board the Bellerophon, Buonaparté resumed, with great diligence a character which he had before attempted at Elba, namely, that of an *Anglomane*—like Joachim Murat, he fancied that the government and people of England were to be deceived by his empty compliments to a few individuals, and by his shallow and blundering flattery of the English fashions, manners, and laws; of which, Napoleon, Joachim, and Joachim's blue velvet boots had about an equal knowledge. This part he seems to have acted for some time with great success on board the Bellerophon. Lieutenant Bowerbank's narrative implies that he made at first a very "favourable" impression on all who approached him; and it seems also that his affected affability was more than repaid by the condescensions which he received in return.

'Marshal Bertrand,' says the Lieutenant, 'waited upon the First Lieutenant and Captain of Marines with *Napoleon's compliments*, requesting their company at dinner.' (p. 16.)—'At dinner he took his seat in the middle of the table, with the Captain on his right hand. The whole dinner was dressed in the French style, and served in silver. Nothing was carved at table, the servants removing each dish for the purpose,'—p. 19.

And this, let it be observed, was at the English Captain's own table, the expence of which we presume, was defrayed by the British public. We are also very sorry to learn from the Lieutenant's narrative, (p. 20,) that young English gentlemen (midshipmen, we suppose, of the Bellerophon) were permitted, at Buonaparté's request, to perform a play *before him*.

True to his old system of appearing to inquire into and understand every thing—

'He had scarcely been five minutes on board before he sent his compliments, and requested that the officers of the ship might be introduced to him. This was done by Captain Maitland. He bowed severally to each, and smiling, inquired how each of them ranked. When they were about to leave the cabin, he said to them in French, "*Well, Gentlemen, you have the honour of belonging to the bravest and most fortunate nation in the world.*" Having arrived his dress, he shortly afterwards came upon deck. He asked several questions of the officers, took particular notice of the sights on the guns, begged the boatswain might be sent to him, of whom he made many inquiries respecting the ship and his length of service. This honest fellow, surprized at the unexpectedness of the message, and his [redacted] was doing, B[redacted] particular notice o[redacted] tacking ship. He ob[redacted] was differently informed [redacted] much concerning the battles [redacted] frequently mentioning the nam[redacted] approbation. About seven, he [redacted] asking several questions of the offi[redacted] different braces, haulyards, topsails, [redacted]

Occasionally, and particularly during [redacted] he shewed some degree of cheerfulness, but [redacted] only *fits* of good spirits and activity; he frequen[redacted] into abstraction and melancholy; and after a li[redacted] perience, even Lieutenant Bowerbank began to sus[redacted] that he was, in the moments of his affability and goo[redacted] humour, merely *acting*. (p. 18—33.). But all his simulation and dissimulation failed him when his destination to St. Helena was announced to him; even the first rumours of it gave h[redacted] a fit of illness, and 'he avowed to Lord Keith his determination never to suffer himself to be conveyed to St. Helena.' (p. 34.)

'About half-past five P. M. (an immense concourse of people being collected round the ship,) Napoleon made his appearance, and, after walking a short time, repaired to the ga[redacted] way. For the first time since he had been on board [redacted] was not shaved. This surprised us, as we had been [redacted] med to remark his great and peculiar personal n[redacted] We could only ascribe the change to his anxi[redacted] g his fate. He expressed his admiration [redacted] eauty of the women, viewing them thro[redacted] occasionally taking off his hat. Upo[redacted] ang-way (after remaining there abo[redacted] ny of the spectators cheered. Be[redacted] diately, fixed my eyes upon [redacted] kings of his countenanc[redacted] as mortified and disple[redacted] tributing the shout an[redacted] n which they felt [redacted] in our possession. After he had retired, we were told he was taken ill. During the night, he sent out to request, that no noise might be made over his head.'—p. 37—38.

The next morning, July 31st, Lord Keith, and Sir Henry Bunbury one of the Under-Secretaries of State, went on board the Bellerophon, to communicate to Buonaparté the determination of the British government as to his future residence at St. Helena. The newspapers had prepared him for this, and he seems to have, on this occasion, done himself the violence of assuming a 'gentlemanlike deportment.' On the arrival of Lord Keith and Sir Henry, they were immediately admitted to the after-cabin, where Napoleon was, (Bertrand, Montholon, their wives, &c. being in the outer cabin.) They read to him a paper, announcing the intention of the government. It was in English. He stopped them; said he did not understand English, and begged that it might be read to him in French. Sir Henry then read the paper in French. Napoleon heard it with perfect calmness and patience; and when Sir Henry had done, began his reply with great moderation of voice, gesture, and manner, very unlike the ferocity which, in the insolence of his power, he had insulted Lord Whitworth, and Count Staremberg, in the Thuilleries. He protested, much in the style of the instrument we have alread quoted, against the whole proceeding:—'he looked on St. Helena as *death*;—he wished to live in England as a private individual, under any restrictions that might be thought necessary;—he had not been taken, he had surrendered:—*he need not have left France*;—he left it on the faith of our laws;—and it would be a great dishonour to the Regent and the nation, if either by sending him to St. Helena, or by confining him in a fortress in England, we were to violate in his person our own laws and those of nations; but to St. Helena he would *not go*!—he would *die* first!—he would never quit the Bellerophon *alive*!' Such topics as these, repeated ten times over, composed a very long harangue, to which Lord Keith could only reply, that he came to communicate the intentions of his government, and not to discuss them. In the course of his oration, (which was delivered with great earnestness, and in some places great animation, but with evident self-controul,) he is said to have insisted 'he might have taken refuge with the Emperor of Austria, who had given him his daughter;—or with the Emperor of Russia, who was his personal friend—to be sure they had quarrelled latterly, *because* this Emperor wished to add Poland to his dominions, and his (Napoleon's) popularity among the Poles was his greatest obstacle.' One would have thought that this impudent account of the cause of this attack upon Russia was more than even Buonaparté could have dared, yet he spoke it with an air of great moderation and affected candour; but on a subsequent occasion, when some one was endeavouring to reconcile him to St. Helena by painting its climate, &c. &c. in favourable colours and saying that it was better than a fortress in either England, Germany, or Russia, he quite forgot his *personal* friendship with Alexander, and exclaimed with great heat—'*La Russie; ah Dieu m'en garde.*'

After this communication of his future fate, all his followers, except General Bertrand and a poor Pole of the name of Prontowski, seemed desirous to get rid of the honour of attending him. The government had allowed him to select three gentlemen & twelve domestics, as his companions, but he declared he never would make the selection; and we are inclined to think that when he did afterwards make his choice, he was chiefly indebted for his companions' compliance to their fear of being given up to the French government.

Madame Bertrand used every effort of entreaty, intrigue, and even violence, to induce her husband to abandon '*l'homme*,' as she called him, but Bertrand was fixed; and if this man had not had the baseness to send from Elba an offer of his allegiance to the King, and afterwards to deny it, his fidelity to his old master would have commanded our respect. The Pole candidly confessed, that if he did not follow Buonaparté he must starve, as he had neither money, nor profession, nor friends, nor even country.

The following account of a theatrical scene of suicide, played by Madame Bertrand, will shew how far the system of illusion was attempted to be carried by this precious party.

'A few minutes before nine P. M. July 31, whilst I had the watch, Marshal and Madame Bertrand were walking in very earnest conversation on the opposite side of the deck, when, on a sudden, Madame, darting into Napoleon's cabin, threw herself at his feet, where she continued about half a minute; then starting up, rushed below into her own cabin, and had nearly succeeded in precipitating herself out of the quarter-gallery window, when she was prevented by her husband and General Montholon. Next morning Buonaparté inquired of the surgeon after Madame Bertrand's health, and, with a smile, asked if he imagined that she *really* intended to drown herself: and we all begin to suspect that she had no very sincere intention of self-destruction, but flattered herself that the "*scena*" would have sufficient effect in mollifying her husband.'—p. 40.

Though Buonaparté smiled at Madame Bertrand's exhibition, he and his followers kept up their own [redacted] He c[redacted] solution [redacted] dame Bert[redacted] *never get the* [redacted] *what he says he w*[redacted]

'She afterwards [redacted] of the ship's officers, [redacted] perop had now swallowe[redacted] fore, must soon drop.'—p. [redacted]

The curtain soon dropped, o[redacted] wards says, 'the bubble burst[redacted] away quietly to the Northumber[redacted] Bowerbank remarks very sensibly, [redacted] bravado now served only to cover him[redacted] Thus this imperial actor, after all his 'st[redacted] fretting,' did not succeed in deceiving even [redacted] perience of a British sailor; and the system o[redacted] and gasconades with which he had so long daz[redacted] and subdued Europe ended by exposing him to univer[redacted] sal contempt.

On Monday the 7th of August, in Torbay, General Buonaparté, and Messrs. Bertrand, Montholon, Gourgaud, and Las Casses, with Mesdames Bertrand and Montholon, four children, and twelve domestics, were transferred to the Northumberland, which immediately weighed anchor, and sailed for her destination. Messrs. Savary, L'Allemand, and some others, a few days after, sailed in the Eurotas frigate to Malta, there to be kept in close confinement, until, as we hope, they are delivered up to the justice of the Government they have betrayed, and of the Country which (as far as they could) they have disgraced and ruined.

On board the Northumberland, Napoleon took up a new part—for he was there at first, we understand, all civility, and good humour. We gave him credit for that species of discrimination and tact which is familiarly called 'knowing your man;' and we have no doubt, that the frank, determined, and high-minded character of Sir George Cockburn has had a most beneficial operation on the temper and conduct of his prisoner.

But, except in his relations with Sir George Cockburn, we have heard that his conduct was in the same character of selfishness, brutality, & vanity, which he has always displayed. To his followers he maintained a sullen and ungrateful deportment; even to the ladies, his manners were harsh and ungracious, and he seldom paid them the common attentions of society;—of their children, young creatures exiled without any fault or choice of their own, by their parents' devotion to his fortunes, he manifested almost a dislike, and did not easily suffer their presence. But flattery, even from these, was not too coarse for the appetite of Napoleon. One day when the weather obliged him to continue at the dinner table, after the children were admitted to the dessert, he shewed by his manner a considerable degree of impatience; but at last one of the boys crept behind his chair, and, with great apparent respect, touched the skirt of his coat, and was withdrawing, apparently proud of having had so great an honour, when Buonaparté, whose vigilant vanity had observed all his movements suddenly relaxed from his severity, and, calling the child towards him, patted him on the head, and seemed highly delighted with his infantine homage.

On their arrival at St. Helena, it was found, that the house fixed upon for his residence, was not ready to receive him, and he placed himself in a little summer lodge belonging to the Briars, the seat of a Mr. Balcombe. From this lodge the distance to the Briars is very short; and Buonaparté sometimes invited himself to spend the evening with the family. On those occasions he would *drop in*, accompanied by Las Casses, quite in the family way, to play a rubber. On the first of these visits, of which we have heard a particular account, Mr. Balcombe was ill with the gout, and lay on the sofa; the Emperor, two young ladies, Mr. Balcombe's daughters, and an occasional guest, made up the party. Las Casses and the other persons present looked on. And here Buonaparté exhibited a series of weaknesses and petulances which appear to us highly characteristic.

When Las Casses put down four golden Napoleons for markers, the youngest of the ladies, who had never seen any of that coin before, took up one and asked what it was. Buonaparté instantly, with more haste than was consistent with politeness, snatched it out of her hand, and exclaimed with a tone half of vexation and half of triumph, '*Ne voyez-vous pas que c' est moi?*' pointing to the impression with his finger.

When the cards were opened, the cover was, as usual, thrown away, and was picked up by a little boy, a son of Mr. Balcombe's, about six years old. The print on the case was the *Great Mogul*; and the little fellow, in the pride of his heart, would display it to the Emperor, who, however, was in no humour to relish what he seemed to consider as a joke upon himself; he snatched the paper from the child with a great deal of impatience, tore the *Great Mogul* in pieces, and terrified the young wit to an awful distance.

When the game had gone on a little, it came to Buonaparté's turn to deal. He happened to make some mistake, and as he expressed much impatience at losing the deal, the whole party requested he would try again—he did so, and a second time missed, and then, (said our reporter,) 'if I had not seen it, I could not have conceived that so trifling an accident could have affected any human creature so seriously—his whole countenance was lighted up with fury, and he made a violent contortion of his features, and drew his mouth down on one side, like one suffering an inward pain.' He, however, recovered himself enough to ask to have the house searched for some old cards, and to send Las Casses to sit at a table in the corner to play alone with the offending cards till he should make them run smoothly; and at this solitary game of patience the Count obsequiously played the rest of the evening.

Buonaparté asked the youngest of the ladies, whether she had ever been in England; she said, yes, she had been educated there.—Of course then she knew geography?—A little.—What is the capital of Russia?—Moscow was the ancient capital.—Who, (then said he, with a look of gay expectation and pride,) who burned it? The girl, to his utter disappointment, instead of saying—'*you*,' or 'the Russians, to escape you,' said quietly, she did not know. Buonaparté's coun-

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…ade to produce
…iel, and for all the
…al Beatson into the useful
…gricultural processes which he
…rious calculations with which he
…ine: to our readers, they would be
…, and in a great part unintelligible,
…the practical St. Helena farmer, they must
…been very useful and necessary, as our readers
…ull judge when we acquaint them, that though it is
three hundred and thirteen years since the island was
discovered, General Beatson has the honour of being
its *Triptolemus*, and of first introducing the plough; and,
that of two thousand acres fit for the purpose in the
island, only eighty-eight are under cultivation.—p.
lxiii.

We shall now present to our readers a slight sketch of the appearance of the island; such as it is exhibited in the General's introductory chapter.

St. Helena is a mass of rock, 10½ miles long, 6½ broad, and 23 in circumference; it is distant from Ascension Island, the nearest land, 600 miles,—from Africa, 1,200 miles,—and from South America, 1,800. It has every appearance of being the creation of a submarine volcano, or, what is more probable, the summit of a great submarine mountain, which formerly was a volcano. The coast is, on all sides, fenced by stupendous and almost perpendicular cliffs, rising to the height of from five hundred to more than twelve hundred feet above the sea. The principal inlets by which the island can be approached, are James Town, Rupert's Bay, Lemon Valley, on the N. W. side, and Sandy Bay on the S. E. All these landing-places are regularly and strongly fortified; but besides these principal places, there are also several ravines where persons *may*, though with difficulty, land; but most of these are also protected by batteries, or are so easily defended by rolling stones from the heights, that no body of men attempting to gain the interior by any of these ravines could, as General Beatson thinks, have the smallest prospect of success, (p. lxxxii); & he states that two or three men stationed on the heights at the entrance of any one of these ravines, would utterly impossible for any number of men, great, to approach them; and founded on repeated experiments, Ridge, which is over the . The account of these our a little of exaggeration.

'A single stone, which eighty pounds, being set off from the top of this ridge, very soon acquired a rotatory motion, and at first rebounded greatly on the declining surface. As the velocity of the stone was accelerated, the force with which it rebounded and struck the loose and brittle rocks of course increased, and at each rebound, numerous stones and fragments of rock were detached; these following in continued succession, and spreading to the right and left, operated precisely as the first stone; so that by the time it had reached the bottom of the hill, myriads were in its train, which covered a space of at least one hundred yards, and flew with such prodigious force across the ravine that many of the larger stones ascended to the height of sixty or eighty feet upon the opposite hill. Such was the astonishing effect produced by this single stone, that it seemed to me, that if *a whole battalion* had been drawn up in the ravine not a man could have escaped alive.'—p. lxxxiii.

When, to these means of defence, even though they may be a little exaggerated, it is added that no vessel can approach in any direction without being descried at the distance of sixty miles, and her appearance instantaneously communicated over the whole island, we are not surprized that General Beatson declares it to be, with ordinary care, and a moderate garrison, absolutely impregnable.

A more interesting question than the possibility of *invasion*, is, at this moment, the possibility of *evasion*,—a question to which General Beatson does not allude, unless by the inference which may be drawn, that if the former is so difficult, the latter can be hardly less so; but this inference we are inclined to deny. With at least a dozen places where embarkation is possible, and with a general state of fine weather, we do not doubt that any one or two individuals, having the command of a certain degree of naval assistance from without, may (not reckoning on any treachery within) escape from St. Helena, unless they are watched personally all day, and closely imprisoned all night.

The custody of Buonaparté, which Europe has confided to us, is a very ticklish point, and, do as we may, we shall hardly escape censure; if he be not actually confined, he may, and probably will, escape—if he be confined, we shall have all the *Oppositions* in Europe crying shame.

We shall never cease to think, and we therefore honestly avow the opinion, that the conduct pursued by the allied governments, with regard to Buonaparté was weak, indiscreet, unjust, and unjustifiable.—He should have been brought to the block; his life should have been the forfeit of his rebellion against the king of France, and his treason against all the nations of Europe. He who caused them should have expiated by his own death, the murders of Provence, La Vendée and Waterloo. We talk not of his former crimes—they were screened by the treaty of Fontainebleau; and though, when he broke that treaty, he destroyed the screen, we would not revert to offences which had been once forgiven; but for the hundred thousand deaths which his cruelty, treachery and ambition inflicted in the course of three months on desolated and exhausted Europe, is there no punishment?—Does

One murder make a villain,
Millions a hero?—

Are the deaths of the Duke of Brunswick—of our own Picton and Ponsonby—of La Roche Jacquelein, the honour of French chivalry—and of the countless thousands of all nations, who have been immolated to the ambition of this *outlawed* usurper, are they to be unrevenged? Why have Labedoyére and Ney been executed? and, above all, why Murat? What crime have they committed, of which Buonaparté is innocent? These are questions of strict *justice*;—what reply *expediency* can make, we cannot guess: we only know, that the example of this man's impunity has given confidence to the disaffected of all nations; and that his life maintains and vivifies the distractions and dangers of France and of Europe.

But to the return from the prisoner to the prison.

The internal face of the island corresponds, in its general features, with the coast; it is in an extraordinary degree precipitous, irregular, and 'escarpé.' Several of the peaks exceed the height of two thousand feet above the level of the sea;—Diana's peak, the highest, is two thousand seven hundred feet. In the midst of the craggy desolation of these peaks and the interposing ravines, are several spots of ground fit for cultivation, and a number of residences are scattered over the irregular face of the mountain. There are but two *plains* on the whole surface; and it seems to the observer so little surprizing, that there should be no more, that General Beatson, after a good deal of discussion, professes himself not to be able to understand how those spots should have escaped the general desolation, particularly the larger of them, called Longwood. This plain, comprizing one thousand five hundred acres of fine land, is elevated two thousand feet above the sea, and slopes gently towards the south-west. In former times it was covered with wood, and was called the Great Wood;—it is now entirely covered with grass. Its gentle slope, and smooth surface, and its fertility, formed so striking a contrast to the surrounding parts, that one might be disposed, says General Beatson (p. v.), to believe it 'a remnant of primitive land, which has remained untouched and unshaken, amidst the dreadful convulsions which have agitated and overturned everything in its vicinity.'

On this plain is the residence of the Lieutenant-Governor of the island; and this situation, with a very generous attention to his comforts, and particularly his predilection for exercise on horse-back, has been chosen for the residence of Buonaparté.

It was at first intended to place him at the Governor's plantation house; but it is said, that Napoleon preferred Longwood; and on all occasions in which his wishes can with propriety be complied with, he is, it seems indulged. While the house at Longwood was preparing for his reception, he resided at the Briars, the seat of Mr. Balcombe, a small but romantic villa, at the head of James's Valley, about three miles from the sea, and at the foot of the cascade where the stream, that forms the ravine of James's Valley, falls down a perpendicular rock of nearly three hundred feet high. The body of water is not considerable; but the wildness of the surrounding objects is, in the highest degree, sublime and even terrific. This scene is given in one of the engravings of General Beatson's work, from a beautiful drawing by that very ingenious gentleman Mr. Samuel Davis, now one of the Directors of the East India Company.

We have heard, and have been sorry to hear, all sorts of absurd stories about the magnificence of the house and furniture which the Government has prepared to send out for the accommodation of Buonaparté; such extravagant splendour would be in the highest degree unsuitable and mischievous; a great deal too much attention has been already shewn him—much more than is consistent with good morals or good policy; and we are glad to be able to state that the reports which we allude to, are wholly unfounded. Furniture of all kinds it has been, of course, necessary to provide; but such only, we understand, has been ordered as would suit an English gentleman's country-house.

The great increase of the numbers to be suddenly accommodated with permanent residences on an island where there are neither the materials of building nor workmen to build, made it indispensable to send out some wooden houses in frame, both as barracks for the garrison and as residences for the persons attached either to Buonaparté or to the Governor, or to the Commissioners of the other powers; but nothing has been done more than was necessary, or in a style beyond what common convenience required.

The necessity of sending out frames for houses, leads one to remark on the contrariety of the evidence which travellers give of the plainest and most obvious facts. We understand the majority of opinions have stated this measure to be absolutely necessary, as the island affords no materials for building: General Beatson, on the contrary, asserts, that there is (besides building stone, of which there is clearly no lack) abundance of limestone, and a vast quarry of pozzolana, (p. xxii.) which he has used, with the greatest success, as a cement. The progress of building stone and pozzolana doubtless would have been too slow for the present emergency; but it seems extraordinary, that so very wide a difference of opinion could exist on so simple a fact, as that which we have stated.

We presume that the addition of so many intelligent officers to the population of St. Helena will lead to the decision of all disputed questions of this kind, and will furnish us with what seems to be much wanted, a scientific survey and accurate classification of the natural history of this very extraordinary portion of the earth. On this point, Governor Beatson's work gives but little information; and we must repeat that, notwithstanding its great pretensions, it has added very little to our stock of general information, and does the Governor more honour as a farmer, than as an author.

Quarterly Review.

VII. *Tracts relative to the Island of St. Helena; written during a Residence of five Years.* By Major-General Alexander Beatson, late Governor, &c. 4to. London. 1816. pp. 330.

The island of St. Helena had long been considered as a natural curiosity, and we had some books, and a great number of drawings and engravings which conveyed to Europe a very adequate notion of this extraordinary spot of ground; which, of all existing islands, certainly most deserves the fanciful description of 'a gem set in the ring of the sea.'* The selection of this place as the residence of Buonaparté has revived and increased the public curiosity on this subject; and, as usually happens, we have been, for the last six months, epidemically over-run with accounts, plans, and views of St. Helena, most of which are borrowed and deteriorated from former publications. The work now before us is, however, of a different character. It contains little else than statistical, meteorological & agricultural observations on the island, & plans for its better administration and cultivation, made by General Beatson during his government. The Tracts of which the volume is composed were published from time to time in St. Helena, for the purpose of stimulating and directing the efforts of public industry; and if Buonaparté had never communicated any share of the interest which he inspires, to St. Helena, we suppose that General Beatson might nevertheless have collected these essays into one volume; but it would have been, we presume, a volume of more modest dimensions and more moderate price.—Buonaparté seems to infect every thing he approaches with an unnatural pomp and inflation, and his residence at St. Helena has, we have no doubt, swelled out General Beatson's book, from its natural size and price of a six shilling octavo, to an ostentatious two guinea quarto, wire-wove, hot pressed, and adorned with engravings.

The only portion of this gaudy volume, which is of any interest or value to Europeans, is the introductory chapter, in which, as a foundation for the practical details which ensue, General Beatson endeavours to shew that the island is capable of great improvement, and, if wisely improved, of affording a rich and inexhaustible depôt of fresh provisions and vegetables to the trade of the southern and eastern world. Hitherto its supplies have been scanty; and, as the demand was precarious, there was occasionally much disappointment, and always great extortion. The common opinion has been 'that the island is rocky and unproductive, mostly devoid of soil, scantily supplied with water, subject to severe and unusual droughts, and infested with vermin;' and that, under those disadvantages, a better cultivation was impracticable. General Beatson undertakes to prove, that all these assertions are greatly exaggerated, whenever they are not wholly unfounded.

He finds the island pre-eminently fruitful in corn and every species of fruit and vegetable;—abundantly supplied with fine springs and currents of water, which have long flowed *idly* into the sea, but which might be applied (as they have already been, in some instances, with signal success) to the purposes of irrigation. With regard to the supposed droughts, he proves, by the raingauge, that the fall of rain at St. Helena is somewhat more than in London: nor does the rain come down at once in tropical torrents, because, except in *very dry seasons*, there is rain in every month in the year; and on an average, the number of days on which rain falls, is 155. In the year 1810, for example, there were 141 days on which rain fell, of which the number in each month was as follows:

Jan.	11	Apr.	10	July	10	Oct.	17
Feb.	6	May	17	Aug.	13	Nov.	10
Mar.	17	June	10	Sept.	8	Dec.	12

Of the climate in general, he, like all former writers, speaks in the most favourable terms. It is a happy medium between dull equability and violent vicissitude—the average temperature is, at the Plantation House, from 61 to 73 degs. of Farenheit; at James Town, on the sea shore, it is about 5° higher: and at Longwood, 2000 feet above the sea, about 5° lower than at the Plantation House. On the alleged plague of rats, General Beatson's experience is equally satisfactory;—by a little ordinary care, he cleared his farms and gardens of vermin more completely than he could probably have done in England.

The greatest want, however, under which the island labours, is that of fuel. Coals have been actually sent from Newcastle to St. Helena, for the consumption of the island; and, under existing circumstances, we apprehend, that this singular trade must be carried to a greater extent than heretofore. Fortunately the climate does not require a great expense of fuel; and General Beatson asserts, that in a very few years, with

* The following curious allusion to St. Helena is to be found in Sir Paul Rycaut's translation of the Spanish Critic, 1681.

'Within the chrystaline center of the hemisphere lies enamelled a small isle, or pearl of the sea, or esmerald of the land; to which the august empress gave it her own name, that it might be queen of all other isles, and crown of the ocean. This isle of St. Helena, (for so it is called,) in the passage from one world to the other, yields refreshment to the grand cargason of Europe, and hath always been a free port, preserved by Divine Providence between those immense gulfs to afford entertainment for the eastern catholic fleet.'

It is a singular coincidence, that this author, describing a person shipwrecked on this island, should instance such a circumstance as one of the modes of terminating an illustrious political or warlike existence. 'The land,' he says, 'seemed too narrow a theatre to act the tragedies of death, until man found a passage to his destiny through both elements. Perils do both fear and respect great persons whom death itself is sometimes ambitious to spare; thus the serpents spared Alcides, the tempests Cæsar, the sword Alexander the Great, and the bullets had no commission for Charles the Fifth.'

A future translation will find it very 'germain to the matter' to add, that *the guillotine spared Buonaparté*, destined, we hope, to end his days in this very island.

Poetry.

THE following two copies of poetry are the productions of early genius: the one was written by the late ALFRED POINTZ SANDERSON, the author of the beautiful verses "*On Retirement*," the other is an extract from a Poem by MICHAEL BRUCE, a native of a remote district in the north of Scotland, who lived and died in obscurity about the middle of last century.

Both pieces were written in the immediate view of death—a time when the mind assumes a serious cast, and admits not of the playfulness of fancy. The language is consequently tender and pathetic, and the thoughts are the unforced result of the native feelings of the heart. The authors of these "parting lays" died at a very early age, and were alike distinguished by their unassuming deportment, by their singleness of heart, and simplicity of manners. If they had lived, they would, in all probability, have realized the expectations of their friends, and have added something to the honours of their country by their virtues and talents.

LINES

Found among the papers of the late ALFRED POINTZ SANDERSON, *and supposed to have been written during his last illness.*

ERE yet the hand of death lies cold upon me—
Ere yet the cold in hollow murmurs falls
Upon my coffin, grant, O pensive Muse!
O grant one parting lay.
Ye fruitless wishes, empty hopes adieu!
The bloom of youth—the spring of life is fled,
And I alas!
To the dark grave am sinking!

I had hop'd
Some small distinction on my name would wait,
While on my lonesome grave
Beams the mild sun of Ev'n! and the Morn
Gems with its dews the turf that on me lies.

O may some sweet village maiden
Seek my low bed, and o'er my fate untimely,
Drop one soft pitying tear,—
And the soft village bells
With their sweet music sooth my last repose!

APPROACH OF DEATH.

By MICHAEL BRUCE.

Now Spring returns; but not to me returns
The vernal joy my better years have known.
Dim in my breast life's dying taper burns,
And all the joys of life with health are flown.
Standing and shiv'ring in th' inconstant wind,
Meagre and pale, the ghost of what I was,
Beneath some blasted tree I lie reclin'd,
And catch the silent moments as they pass.

The winged moments, whose unstaying speed
No art can stop, or in their course arrest;
Whose flight shall shortly count me with the dead,
And lay me down in peace with them to rest.

Oft morning dreams presage approaching fate;
And morning dreams as Poets tell are true;
Led by pale ghosts, I enter death's dark gate
And bid the realms of light and life adieu!

I hear the helpless wail, the shriek of woe;
I see the muddy wave, the dreary shore;
The sluggish streams that slowly creep below,
Which mortals visit, and return no more.

Farewell, ye blooming fields! ye cheerful plains;
Enough for me the Church-yard's lonely mound,
Where MELANCHOLY with still SILENCE reigns,
And the rank grass waves o'er the cheerless ground.

There let me wander at the close of eve,
When sleep sits dewy on the labourer's eyes,
The world and all its busy follies leave,
And talk with wisdom where my DAPHNIS lies.

There let me sleep, forgotten, in the clay,
When Death shall shut these weary aching eyes,
Rest in the hopes of an eternal day,
Till the long night is gone, and the last morn arise.

From LORD BYRON'S *new Poem, the* SIEGE *of* CORINTH.

The Venetians under their gallant commander Minotti, retire to the Church, which the Turks at length carry: Minotti with only a few followers survive, and the enemy are rushing to the altar to seize the spoil:—

"So near they came, the nearest stretched
To grasp the spoil he almost reached,
When old Minoti's hand
Touched with the torch the train—
'Tis fired!
Spire, vaults, the shrine, the spoil, the slain,
The turban'd victors the Christian band,
All that of living or dead remain,
Hurled on high with the shivered fane,
In one wild roar expired!
The shattered town—the walls thrown down—
The waves a moment backward went—
The hills that shake, although unrent,
As if an earthquake passed—
The thousand shapeless things all driven
In cloud and flame athwart the heaven,
By that tremendous blast—
Proclaimed the desperate conflict o'er
On that too long afflicted shore.
Up to the sky like rockets go
All that mingled there below:
Many a tall and goodly man,
Scorched and shrivelled to a span,
When he fell to earth again,
Like a cinder strewed the plain:
Down the ashes shower like rain;
Some fell in gulf, which received the sprinkle
With a thousand circling wrinkles;
Some fell on shore, but, far away,
Scattered o'er the isthmus lay;
Christian or Moslem, which be they?
Let their mothers see and say!
When in cradled rest they lay,
And each nursing mother smiled
On the sweet sleep of her child,
Little deemed she such a day
Would rend those tender limbs away.
Not the matrons that them bore
Could discern their offspring more
That one moment left no trace
More of human form or face
Save a scattered scalp or
And down came blazing
Around, and many a
Deeply dented in
All blackened
All the living
That deadly
The wild birds flew
And howling left the
The camels from their
The distant steed forsook
The nearer steed plunged o'er
And burst his girth, and tore his
The bull-frog's note from out
Deep-mouthed arose and
The wolves yelled on the
Where echo rolled in
The jackall's troop, in
Bayed from afar
With a mixed and
Like crying babe
With sudden wing
The eagle left his
And mounted near
The clouds beneath
Their smoke assail
And made him higher
Thus was Corinth lost

NAPOLEON'S FAREWELL.

By LORD BYRON.

I.

FAREWELL, to the land, where the gloom of my glory
Arose and o'ershadowed the earth with her name;
She abandons me now,—but the page of her story,
The brightest or blackest, is filled with my fame.
I have warred with a world, which vanquish'd me only,
When the meteor of conquest allured me too far;
I have coped with the nations, which dread me thus lonely,
The last single captive to millions in war.

II.

Farewell to thee, France!—when thy diadem crowned me
I made thee the gem and the wonder of earth;
But thy weakness decrees I should leave as I found thee,
Decay'd in thy glory, and sunk in thy worth.
Oh! for the veteran hearts, that were wasted
In strife with the storm, when their battles were won;
Then the eagle, whose gaze in that m was blasted,
Had still soared with eyes fixed on vic

III.

Farewell to thee, France!—But w
Once more in thy regions, remembe
The violet still grows in the depth
Though withered, thy tears will
Yet, yet, I may baffle the hosts
And yet may thy heart leap awa
There are links which must bre
has bound us,
Then turn thee and call on the ch

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